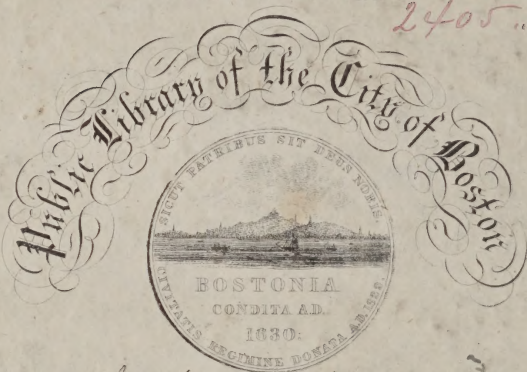




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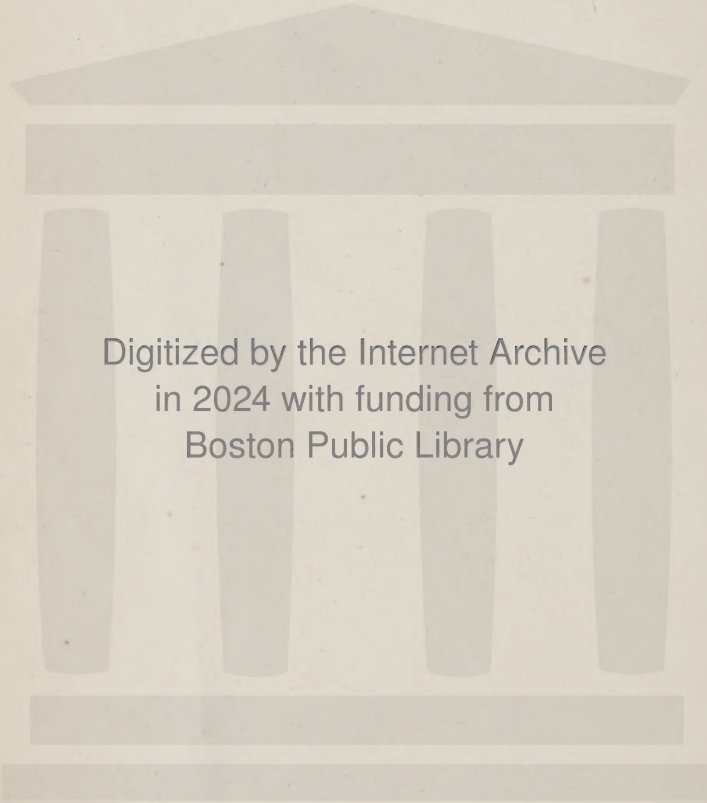
By J. Mason Warren. M.D.

Received June 9. 1857 No. 17537

Mrs. Warren
with the sincere regards
the Author.

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P O E M .



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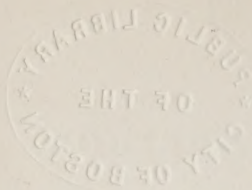
HARVARD UNIVERSITY,

AUGUST 27, 1840.

By FRANCIS C. GRAY.

B O S T O N :
CHARLES C. LITTLE AND JAMES BROWN.

MDCCCXL.



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P O E M .

Is there no Music in this Western world ?
No brow, round which the Poet's wreath is curled ?
Not one, to whom that eye of fire is given,
Glancing from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
And as the airy forms before it fly,
No pen to catch their beauties ere they die ?
Is all here dark and grovelling ? Are we then
The forms alone, mere images of men,
Without a spark of that celestial flame,
Which upward tends, and points to whence it came ?
Each generous feeling hardened into stone,
Does avarice live, and act, and rule alone ?
And can her fated touch, like his of old,
Turn virtue, faith, and honor — all to gold ?

Shame on the land ! — if such its spirit be.
Why should a nation so debased be free ?

Better be slaves at once, than thus to claim
The name of freemen, having but the name.

But is it so ? is this our mournful fate ?
Such the sole hopes, that round our country wait ?
Are these, who equal laws and rights possess,
Whom nature and example join to bless,
Whose sturdy sires oppression's arm withstood,
Whose fields are fattened with their fathers' blood ;
Are these the men to wear wealth's sordid chain,
And sacrifice each nobler end to gain ?
Is then the spirit of their fathers fled ?
O, no — It sleeps perchance, but is not dead.
Roused to maintain their honor or their right,
The giant would come forth in all his might.
Equal to every task by fate assigned,
They shew, like nature, or a great man's mind,
While sweeping onward in their destined course,
Always sufficient, never needless force,
So tranquil in their strength, no danger near,
That to the careless eye they oft appear
Cold as their rocks ; — yet if the time require,
Strike but the flint and it reveals its fire.
'T is the true spirit. Hail its guardian light !
A cloud by day, a saving fire by night ;
Obscured where fortune's rays beat bright and warm,
But kindling in the darkness of the storm.

Yet if this spirit to our land belong,
 Why bursts it forth so rarely into song ?
 If native fire and freedom here unite,
 Why does the muse not risk a bolder flight ?
 Though free, she is not free from logic's laws,
 Which tell us each effect must have its cause.
 Then say, what cause her wing to earth restrains,
 And of her future flight what hope remains.

Sure, equal talents to our portion fall,
 For nature sheds her bounties upon all ;
 And scorn repels that sneer of ancient date,
 That in the new world men degenerate ;
 That though its growth leaves history behind,
 It is a pigmy race in form and mind.

Then comes the charge, that granting us to be
 Not all incapable of poetry,
 Nor to be classed upon the felon's roll,
 With him that hath no music in his soul ;
 Yet love of gain prevails to such extent,
 That poets here have no encouragement,
 And that their works no sympathy can find,
 And make no impress on the public mind.
 This charge in various forms assails us still,
 I grasp the Proteus, take what form it will.

Whate'er the captious sons of Europe say,
 We do not worship Mammon more than they.
 Does not the proudest of their Monarchs wait,
 At times, a suppliant at some Rothschild's gate ?
 While each perhaps, in secret and aside,
 Smiles at the folly of the other's pride.
 Wealth now is power, and justly is pursued,
 When sought for as an instrument of good ;
 Nor can we honor to their names refuse,
 Who ably gain it, and who wisely use ;
 Men like the merchants Tyre and Florence knew,
 Princes in opulence, and spirit too.
 On such as these shall nobles look with scorn,
 Whose only merit is to have been born.
 Those accidents of accidents, whose look
 Quailed at plebeian Thurlow's proud rebuke ?
 Rank is bestowed by foolish kings or wise ;
 But talent is a title from the skies.
 For wealth alone, — men nowhere less revere
 The mere possessor of a hoard, than here.

But while some hold, and vainly strive to show it,
 Our land too mercenary for the poet ;
 Some make out poets, on the other hand,
 To be too mercenary for the land.

For poetry can be procured, we're told,
 Only — like other rarities — for gold.
 Our equal land no patronage affords,
 And even poets cannot live on words ;
 By all their toil no solid gain is made,
 It is a most unprofitable trade.

A trade ! — to man new virtues to impart,
 And mould and guide at will the human heart ;
 High, like Tyrtæus, on the watchtower stand,
 The patriot spirit rouse, and save the land ;
 Or with a wing of fire through nature rove,
 People the air, the ocean and the grove ;
 Make hill and vale with strains of rapture ring,
 Give tongues to trees, and soul to every thing ;
 Or nobler still, truth's vestal torch display,
 Which pours upon the mind its moral ray,
 Gleams on that page, which tells of guilt forgiven,
 Allures the erring pilgrim back to heaven,
 And to no single soil its beams confined,
 Shines a directing star to all mankind.
 Not all Peru could buy the breath divine,
 Nor India's wealth the power to write a line.
 Fond hope, to mock by glittering gold's display,
 The kindling radiance of the god of day,

On Memnon's lyre to cast the mimic light,
 And bid it sound, when all around is night.
 Pensions, bestowed where no Apollo fires,
 Are vain — superfluous if his breath inspires.
 Hid in the shade, or basking in the light,
 The genuine poet cannot choose but write.
 Vain are the muse's efforts to control
 The voice prophetic struggling in her soul;
 Through her whole frame its sacred impulse flies,
 Full of the god — she breathes it, though she dies.

True, there are those, on profit solely bent,
 Who deal in rhymes — so many for a cent;
 And seek, by mean compliances disgraced,
 To pamper, not improve the public taste;
 Who, when they find their traffic will not thrive,
 Complain, that native poets cannot live.
 These in the dust their sordid course may run,
 The eagle — genius — stretches toward the sun,
 And pleasure, gain and ease, light task, resigned,
 Towers up, nor heeds the crowd he leaves behind.
 See Milton, while this earth its honors gave,
 Toil on, mid politicians, to the grave.
 But when he stood an outcast from mankind,
 Abandoned by the world, poor, old and blind,

Shunned by his friends, to all a hated name,
He rose above the world, to endless fame.

Who writes to please a patron, must obey
The fashion, or the folly of the day,
From truth and nature turn aside, to fit
That patron's taste, or theirs, who govern it ;
Be now an Euphuist ; now preserve in rhyme
The fanciful conceits of Cowley's time ;
Now take the Cockney style, which harsh, uncouth,
Clothes in fantastic language hackneyed truth ;
Now theirs, the chief pretenders of the day,
Who in abstraction's mists have lost their way,
Yet still would guide, purblind but overweening,
And always blundering round about a meaning ;
Where through a cloud of words is rarely caught
Some faint and distant glimmering of thought.

Such are the bards, who own a patron's sway,
Or that of some small Coterie of the day,
The merit and the fame, which they possess,
Like those of kindred foppery in dress,
The pink of fashion, while the rage shall last,
Ridiculous, when once their date is past.

Far different he, whose patrons are mankind ;
 He, to no single clime or age confined,
 Courts not the little great men of an hour,
 But wide as nature's, wields his magic power,
 Unlocks all hearts, calls up in every breast
 Thoughts, that seem slumbering there, though ne'er
 expressed,
 Wings them with words, and sets the prisoners free,
 To wander through their bright eternity ;
 Wakes, unenslaved by party, sect or clan,
 The feelings, that belong to man as man ;
 Pours forth, in language natural and terse,
 Which bursts spontaneously into verse,
 Those floods of passion and of thought, which roll
 From the fierce *Ætna* of a poet's soul,
 Which their own glow to all they reach impart,
 From the heart spring—and rush into the heart.

He lives :—as wide as taste and genius known,
 Light of all lands, and glory of his own.

He lives :—his country treasures his renown
 Among the choicest jewels of her crown ;
 And though it come, the inevitable day,
 Her power be lost, her sceptre pass away,

By faction or by foes subdued at length,
 Dim all her brightness, prostrate all her strength,
 Stripped of her beauty, in the dust laid low,
 Still will she wear that gem upon her brow,
 Lift her faint head, and point her finger there,
 With a proud smile, triumphant in despair.
 Ay, though her shores become a desert coast,
 Her language, as a living tongue, be lost,
 Change what may change, his fame will stand secure,
 While human thought and feeling shall endure.

Are deeds of glory wanting to the muse?
 Can she no subject from our annals choose
 Worthy the song? Was then oppression's yoke
 By feeble hands, or timid spirits broke?
 And did the chains, which held our land in thrall,
 Without a struggle, like the Apostle's, fall?
 And those eight years of peril and of woes,
 Were they a night of undisturbed repose?
 When through her sky the blackening clouds were spread,
 Collecting all their thunders o'er her head,
 Mournful indeed had been our country's doom,
 Had glory's flash ne'er glanced across the gloom.
 What muse, but would exult to praise the men,
 Who dared the terrors of the tempest then,
 Who broke those chains, that night of peril braved,
 And from that iron yoke their country saved;

Saved by their toils and perils in the strife,
 From all, that could embitter human life ?
 See them, where foreign bands her shores invade,
 With arm unwearied urge the stubborn blade,
 Till purified the spot, where foes had stood,
 Each hostile footstep blotted out — with blood.

If the applauses of the muse await
 The good man struggling with the storms of fate,
 Bowed down beneath the sorrows sometimes shed
 By heaven's mysterious hand upon his head ;
 If she on him bestows still choicer praise,
 Who kindly comes that drooping head to raise,
 Extends the ready hand, the cheering smile,
 And shelter yields, himself unhurt the while,
 How bright a halo shall round him be thrown,
 Who to give others safety, risks his own ;
 And who, when his afflicted country bound
 And bleeding lies, while dangers gather round,
 And pitiless oppression's ruder storm
 Beats unrelenting on her prostrate form,
 Far, far away, each selfish feeling cast,
 With his own breast protects her from the blast ?

What nobler subject can a bard demand
 Than these the heroes of his native land,

Their sufferings, their success ? But some may deem
 These all too recent for a poet's theme.
 The muse, that sorceress, never dares display
 Her gorgeous visions in the face of day ;
 It is antiquity's dim light alone,
 In which the wonders of her art are shown,
 Where truth and fiction undistinguished rise,
 Waked by her spell, and live before our eyes.

Doubtful the justice of this narrow view ;
 But for the moment grant it to be true,
 And let our bard recur to ancient lore,
 And the long annals of the past explore ;
 Or if in history no scene he find
 Congenial with his too fastidious mind,
 Dante and Milton bid him not despair,
 But make a world, and place his actors there.

Besides, the critic's rule we may contest,
 That Epic bards are greater than the rest.
 Why not decide their rank by their control,
 And call him greatest, who most moves the soul ?
 To whom is Shakspeare second ? Who can claim
 A higher rank upon the roll of fame ?
 And when does even his genius brighter shine,
 Than painting Wolsey, Henry, Catherine,

True to the life, when on the stage are shewn
Scenes of his own age, or almost his own ?

And what is poetry ? Must we receive
Their creed, who fondly tell us to believe,
That 't is to natural scenery confined,
Cooped in the limits by their taste assigned,
Who stamp on all, that art or genius yields,
'Prosaic'—ever babbling of green fields ?
Blind leaders of the blind ! who cannot see,
That art itself, high art, is poetry.
What is it else, when Allston's hand displays
The prophet rapt, on whom as rapt we gaze ;
Or Greenough's chisel summons from the stone
Not the mere form — the soul of Washington ?
But no — the chartered libertine is free,
Wide as the all-sustaining harmony,
Which holds the universe within its chain,
O'er art and nature spreads its ^{cast} wide domain,
O'er fancy's realms, as well as those of sense ;
'T is music married unto eloquence ;
And ne'er shall bard in vain a subject seek,
Till men shall cease to reason, feel and speak.

Ay, but the wise man says, there's nothing new ;
Imagination is exhausted too.

Others have seized whate'er is just and bold,
 All truths are trite, all imagery old ;
 We only can our tardy birth deplore,
 All is achieved, and man can do no more.

Man do no more ! — why who has power to bind
 The giant-vigor of the human mind ?
 By whom shall shackles on that soul be thrown,
 Which God has made immortal as his own ?

All is achieved ! — Why thus ere Milton sung,
 From mouth to mouth the withering descant rung ;
 We live too late. The ancient poets claim
 The highest summits of the hill of fame ;
 And all, to which the moderns can aspire,
 Is not to emulate them, but admire.
 Thus before Virgil wrote, whose lines survive
 The world's Imperial Mistress, and shall live
 Till time her very ruins shall destroy,
 And Rome become as fabulous as Troy,
 The critic bade aspiring bards beware,
 And Homer view with wonder and despair.
 And thus, ere Homer reared that pile sublime,
 Whose adamantine fabric laughs at time,
 A thousand timid voices joined the cry ;
 All monuments of human power must die,

Toil as we will, be prosperous as we can,
All, all must perish, like their maker man.

Yet not for this did they relax their force,
Or lag one instant in their generous course ;
Nor ever will the genuine son of song,
Who feels the powers, that to his art belong.
Where deep in thought, and shunning vulgar light,
The muse in secret meditates her flight,
Though doubt and fear may whisper at her side,
And pleasure court, and ridicule deride,
She heeds them not, but once the impulse given,
Springs from the dust, and wings her way to heaven ;
No lure, no menace can her flight restrain,
And envy coils around her wings — in vain.

Mere pretexts these unworthy of the muse. —
How then the torpor of her tongue excuse ?
Why — now two centuries have rolled along,
Do our hills echo no undying song ?

Look back upon our origin, and see
If that could be a time for poetry.
See the poor pilgrim, into exile driven
Once and again, no peace, no respite given,

From bloody foes at home, false friends abroad,
 Flee to the wilderness, to seek his God ;
 There, with a wintry clime, and rugged soil,
 Scanty subsistence, and incessant toil,
 Want in his cheek, and care upon his brow,
 The sword in one hand, one hand on the plough,
 The perils of the field and forest brave,
 Intent upon that gate of heaven — the grave.
 Glory to him ? It was not worth a thought.
 Yet it has found him — though it came unsought.

While we lay subject to a foreign crown,
 The sense of our dependence weighed us down,
 Made us to our proud rulers look with awe,
 And own their sway in letters, as in law ;
 Be humble imitators in their school,
 Shrinking from their rebuke or ridicule.
 And imitators are a servile race,
 With neither spirit, dignity, nor grace.

Then came a different strife from that of words,
 Unheard the muses mid the clash of swords.
 Scarce has the generation passed away,
 Which saw and felt the horrors of the day,
 In which our country for existence strove ;
 When, like Minerva from the head of Jove,

All clad in arms, she struggled into birth,
And stood — among the nations of the earth.

After the victory gained in freedom's cause,
Her institutions, government and laws
Required her care, and these matured at length,
It needed time to make her feel her strength.
For how can poetry adorn a land,
While pressing wants unceasing care demand,
And while the public voice, with urgent claim,
Bids genius tread in other paths to fame ?
Men are not doomed to various tasks by fate ;
The truly great man is in all things great ;
But tempted oft, too oft, the race to run,
In which the garland may be easiest won.

Now all is peace, now plenty round us flows,
Now that the desert blossoms like the rose,
And our free country sits with laurelled brow,
Serene in conscious strength — what wait we now ?
Lo, where posterity holds forth the prize !
On you, on you it calls ; — awake, arise,
Cast off each burden, gird you for the race,
The time and chance now offered flit apace ;
On, on, to make the bright reward your own,
Let not another age obtain the crown ;

Pause not to look with envy on the past,
 Deem not the prize your fathers won the last,
 Nor weep, that they have left you nought to do ;
 An ample harvest yet remains for you.
 They, an imperious nation's galling yoke,
 Unceasing praise be theirs — indignant broke.
 Yours be the task to break the chains, that bind
 The soul, give independence to the mind,
 Freedom to thought, and let the nations see
 In us the freemen, whom the truth makes free.
 Their work a nation's liberty secures,
 To form a nation's character is yours.

Freedom bade them, her chosen, hither roam,
 And here erect her temple and her home.
 Well is performed the task to them assigned,
 The fane is reared, the deity enshrined ;
 'T is yours, who to the architects succeed,
 To fix the worship, and proclaim the creed.
 Say to the world : — ' It is our boast to be,
 Not the state merely, but the people free,
 Each man a freeman, subject to the sway
 Of no usurper, be he who he may,
 Free as the air, to think, and speak, and do,
 All, that leaves others the same freedom too,

Unpersecuted, uncontrolled, unchecked,
 By any mob, society, or sect ;
 No earthly power the least restriction draws
 Round any here, except his country's laws ;
 Here faith, opinion, unrestrained you view.'
 Say to the world all this — and make it true.

Thus shall you best your country's cause maintain,
 And most facilitate the muse's reign ;
 For fate to her no middle fortune gave,
 Queen of the free, or bondmaid of the slave,
 She decks, as flattery's tool, the despot's throne,
 Or robed in beauty, reigns upon her own.
 Though her sweet imagery, and glowing style,
 And thrilling tones even bondage can beguile,
 Sad, as a captive's strain, the song appears,
 Broken by sighs perhaps, or drowned in tears ;
 Or modulated with consummate art,
 Rather enchants the ear, than sways the heart ;
 Not like the burst of triumph and of glee,
 That 's echoed from the mountains of the free.
 Some grace and dignity her form retains,
 Moving before the victor's car, in chains ;
 But ah, how changed from hers, who freely trod,
 And walked the world, with step like Homer's god.

No, no, the muse, who is restrained by fear,
 From uttering what her masters must not hear,
 Accustomed not to rule, but to obey,
 Is not the same, who with resistless sway,
 The fury of the passions can control,
 To strenuous effort rouse the torpid soul,
 Reign o'er men's hearts unrivalled and alone,
 Bind up her country's glory with her own,
 And keep it, as a holy thing, enshrined
 Forever in the memory of mankind.
 She has no being but among the free,
 To her the breath of life is liberty.

Be free from foreign critics' crude control,
 Let their small thunders unregarded roll,
 Or hear their censures, though severe in style,
 If just, with profit, else with but a smile.
 Your works with modest self-reliance view,
 Your own opinion form, and trust it too ;
 Let not their judgment measure your success,
 Their praise elate you, nor their blame depress,
 And chief, let not the terrors of their frown
 One effort check, or keep one impulse down.

That we can call no literature our own,
 Because our language is not ours alone,

And that however far a tongue may spread,
 The kindred nations must obey one head,
 Whose sceptre shall from age to age endure,
 As if by right of primogeniture,
 While all the rest are bound to ape her speech,
 Change as she changes, never dare to teach,
 But for instruction to her footstool come,
 Is false, — or even Athens had been dumb ;
 For long ere she had tuned her Attic tongue,
 Ionian Homer's deathless lays were sung.

But this proud claim no nation can prefer,
 Without an independent character,
 And pride enough to vindicate her claim,
 And run unfettered in the race for fame.

Be free from those, who aim the thoughts to bind,
 And exercise dominion o'er the mind,
 Others by clamor or by crowds to awe,
 And raise a spirit mightier than the law,
 Set up their own opinion as divine,
 And call on all to bow before its shrine.
 Down with these idols, that usurp the throne,
 Let the law rule you, and the law alone.

Be free from the demoralizing sway
 Of the most dangerous party of the day,

Themselves, the present moment all they see,
 Their idol what they call Utility ;
 Whose character more truly we express,
 When we denominate it Selfishness,
 Which bids its votaries all for comfort give,
 And only for the sake of living, live,
 Provide for their own day, but never cast,
 A thought upon the future or the past.
 Supplies for our corporeal wants to find,
 The only use they know of for a mind,
 They cling to earth, and in the narrow span
 Of his threescore and ten, imprison man ;
 The utmost praise, for which their merit calls,
 They 're the most provident of Animals.

Those, who make true Utility their guide,
 For all this complicated frame provide,
 Rising in just gradation through the whole,
 The body, intellect, and heart, and soul,
 Its progress through the past and future scan,
 Are touched with every thing, that touches man,
 And ever mindful of their heavenly birth,
 While they walk on it, live above the earth,
 Seem — might they drop the incumbrance of the clay,
 Ready to stretch their wings and soar away,
 And subject as they are to earthly ill,
 But little lower than the angels still,

Act for the future, emulate the past,
Think of the present less, of self the last.

Be free from their control, who give us cant
For sentiment, for sober reason rant ;
Too numerous and too manifold to name
Their errors, but their Bigotry the same.
While some abroad for excellence must roam,
' There all is perfect, worthless all at home ; '
Others no merit but our own can spy,
' We are the men, with us will wisdom die.'
These after every mountebank must run,
And hail each rocket as the rising sun,
A paragon of genius and of power,
Each hero of a village for an hour ;
They shower on common place with lavish hands,
The praise originality demands,
Impertinence deem wit, and prosing sense,
And noise and fustian miscall eloquence.

Others again can see no glory shed
Round any but the distant and the dead,
Before the great of ancient times they fall
Prostrate — and worship them as all in all.

This self-abasement I admit to be
Less childish than that silly vanity,

But still unwise, unmanly and unjust ;
 We are of heaven, though mingled with the dust,
 Let not your dignity be thus betrayed,
 Remember in whose image you are made.
 Scan that long line, the glory of our race,
 And look the loftiest of them in the face,
 Just reverence, but no servile awe display,
 They were but men — and we are men as they.
 Think of your race as one, to which is given
 A form of earth, but faculties from heaven ;
 Think of yourselves as beings of that race,
 Whose conduct may adorn it or disgrace,
 Who have before you a bright course to run,
 A noble task assigned, but still undone.
 Achieve it — and to memory be consigned,
 Among the lights and blessings of mankind ;
 Neglect it — and life's fitful fever o'er,
 And dust returned to dust — be known no more.

Be free, thus free — and the historian's eye ;
 As it turns back, when centuries have gone by,
 The revolutionary agè to scan,
 Which changed the face of nature and of man ;
 Shall linger, where your monument aspires,
 And own the children worthy of their sires.

Be free, thus free — and not the bard alone,
 But all the sons of glory are your own ;
 They come together, when they come at all,
 And this the spirit, that must give the call,
 For that proud progeny have never dwelt,
 Save where their power was known, and prized, and felt.

What wait we for ? One moment why allow
 To slip ? — The field is here, the time is now.
 Broad, solid, deep the vast foundation lies,
 On which the fabric of our fame must rise ;
 It is already laid, the times display
 A thousand signs, which indicate the day ;
 The spirit of improvement has gone forth,
 And spreads to East and West, to South and North,
 Painters and sculptors decorate the land,
 And as the muses are a social band,
 The form of poetry must soon appear,
 Her sister eloquence already here,
 The echo of her cry for liberty
 Rings from the Rocky Mountains to the sea,
 Beyond the sea, to the remotest lands,
 And despots quake, while freedom claps her hands.

If living orators alone we view,
 The old world boasts none greater than the new ;

And though no genius may as yet lay claim
 To the full honors of a poet's name,
 Some have shewn sparks of the celestial fire,
 Have learned to please, and might to more aspire ;
 Their works may many a weary hour beguile,
 And merit man's applause, and woman's smile.
 But not to such the wreath of fame belongs,
 Holiday poems, fragments, tales and songs,
 Exhibiting oft feeling, taste and power,
 Yet but the offspring of a leisure hour.
 To one claim only is that wreath assigned,
 The life-long labors of a mighty mind ;
 Till such a mind arise and be revealed,
 Deem not your country's destiny fulfilled.

Till then, whate'er her wealth and power may be,
 She is not ripe for immortality ;
 These are of earth, and yield to fate's control,
 The form of greatness only, not its soul ;
 While these are all her glory, she must stand,
 However striking, beautiful and grand,
 Though matchless as that miracle of skill,
 Whose form enchants the world — a statue still.
 Oh, when will fate some new Prometheus give,
 To snatch the fire from heaven, and bid it live.

The time approaches, poets will arise,
 Illustrious in their grateful country's eyes,
 Her sons' high deeds in words of fire record,
 At once their inspiration and reward,
 And urge each youth ambitious of a name,
 Onward to press, to happiness and fame.
 Not the poor happiness, that despots find,
 In heaping misery upon half mankind,
 Who by the scourge make tears and murmurs cease,
 And spreading desolation — call it peace ;
 Not the mad fame, that reckless warriors prize,
 Who on the ruins of a nation rise,
 Like those, whose names for centuries have stood,
 Preserved by curses, and embalmed in blood ;
 But the pure joy, that fills the generous breast,
 When blest itself, in making others blest ;
 The honest glory round the patriot shed,
 When a whole land showers blessings on his head.

Nor distant far the hour, that gives them birth,
 I see, I see them rising from the earth,
 A glorious band ! — whose lips are touched with fire.
 What spell of rapture wakes the living lyre !
 Hark ! on its strings the trembling murmurs thrill,
 All the mute air with sweetest music fill,

And in soft accents floating through the sky,
 Steal on the ear in melting melody ;
 More tuneful now the swelling strains resound,
 Breathing celestial harmony around ;
 Now in still loftier notes exulting rise,
 Louder and louder gain upon the skies,
 Till their full tones triumphant pour along,
 In all the pomp and majesty of song.

These will be thine — thy sons, O happy clime !
 Beat swiftly on, thou lagging wing of time,
 Bring the bright day, and let my longing eye
 Greet the glad dawn, and bless it ere I die.

And while her high career our country runs,
 Her progress even the humblest of her sons
 May aid, and earn the meed, if nought beside,
 Approving conscience gives and patriot pride.
 Few — Ah how few ! — can write a deathless name
 On the proud fabric of a nation's fame,
 Yet many, doomed at last to sleep unknown,
 May bring, to swell the pile, a nameless stone,
 And all may give support to freedom's cause,
 By favoring virtue, learning and the laws,
 Against each low intrigue their voices raise,
 And cheer on merit by a generous praise ;

Few can adorn the annals of an age,
 But all may see they do not stain the page,
 And each resolve, whate'er his lot may be,
 My country's cheek shall never blush for me.
 So will she honor him, till life is done,
 And o'er his ashes mourn a worthy son.

Such she now mourns, and more, since he is gone,
 Who o'er yon halls so long illustrious shone,
 Kirkland : — in wisdom clad, by genius graced,
 And sportive humor, and unerring taste,
 With power at once to rule, instruct and please,
 Mild dignity, and unaffected ease.
 He stooped to lead the humblest on his way,
 His bounteous hand was open as the day,
 He roused indifference, recklessness controlled,
 And cheered the timid, and o'erawed the bold ;
 In swift obedience all were proud to move,
 The bonds of discipline made light by love.

And in the sacred desk, how apt to teach ?
 Clothing in rare felicity of speech,
 His thoughts, original, acute, profound,
 He seemed to scatter truth and wisdom round,
 While every ear in rapt attention hung,
 To catch the treasures dropping from his tongue.

In social life not less his worth appeared,
 By all, who knew him, honored and revered ;
 With careless air, yet penetrating ken,
 Gifted to look quite through the deeds of men,
 Their hidden feelings, motives, thoughts he knew,
 Measured their strength, and saw their weakness too ;
 Yet ne'er — how few thus gifted so refrain,
 Ne'er did he touch that weakness to give pain,
 Nor rend its veil away — but all the while,
 Saw through its folds with pity or a smile.

His writings with his character agree,
 Stamped with an elegant simplicity.
 And though clouds gathering o'er his closing day,
 In darkness hid the intellectual ray,
 The brief eclipse is now forever past,
 And his worn spirit find its home at last.
 The record of his mild and brilliant reign
 In Harvard's annals will its rank retain,
 And while her walls shall stand or name survive,
 So long his memory and his praise shall live.*

Nor less she earlier mourned, when Bowditch gave
 His soul to heaven, his body to the grave.

* REV. JOHN THORNTON KIRKLAND, D. D. LL. D., from 1810 to 1828
 President of Harvard University, died April 26, 1840.

We wept not then, as when compelled to shed
 Untimely tears o'er some Marcellus dead,
 Preëminent in talents and in fame,
 Only to be an earlier, surer aim
 For death — a greener garland for the tomb ; —
 Wept not as erst o'er manhood's early doom,
 When Buckminster, our ornament and pride,
 Ardent McKean, accomplished Thacher died,
 When fate the bright career of Ashmun crossed,
 And Frisbie's fervid eloquence was lost.
 Then might you weep, beholding beams so bright
 Eclipsed at noon, and midday turned to night ;
 But not for him, who closed with placid ray,
 The tranquil evening of a well-spent day,
 And all life's honors earned, its duties done,
 Sank in full radiance, like a cloudless sun.

We wept not him, who even from boyhood's prime,
 Felt the inestimable worth of time,
 Who threw no opportunity away,
 Nor ever once, like Titus, lost a day.
 He never failed to find, whate'er befell,
 Time to do all things, and to do them well ;
 Was but a scheme for public good displayed,
 His the best counsel, most efficient aid ;
 And mid the busy world's cares, toil and strife,
 His leisure bore the harvest of a life,

A work, that on his name sheds long renown,
And adds a jewel to his country's crown.

From earliest youth, upon himself alone
Depending, none he feared, he flattered none,
But shewed, throughout his life's consistent plan,
The self-reliance, that makes man a man ;
Fearlessly followed what he thought was right,
And did whate'er he did, — with all his might.

To latest age, he kept the stainless truth,
The modesty, the playfulness of youth ;
With rock-like firmness, joined to liveliest zeal,
Calm to resolve, but oh, how quick to feel,
Too frank to feign, too shrewd to be beguiled,
“ In wit a man, simplicity a child,”
Free from suspicion, selfishness or art,
He spoke, and acted only from the heart.

His was the life, the real sage to bless,
A life of high exertion, and success.
His was the death, the sage's life to crown,
Calm, grateful, full of trust, he laid him down ;
Mid those he best loved, and who loved him best,
And happy in their love, he sank to rest,
While even their grief was mixed with joy and pride,
To think he thus had lived, and thus had died.

No, not for thee did friendship ask a tear,
 Not for thy sake do I now name thee here ;
 But for their good, whom thou hast left behind,
 But for ourselves, our country and mankind,
 But for these youth, who rise to take our place,
 Just starting eagerly on manhood's race,
 That they with kindred energy may strive,
 That thy example in their lives may live,
 And cheering others in the generous strife,
 Thy memory bless thy country, like thy life.

And pardon, should another motive lend
 Its aid, and with the man unite the friend ;
 Nor blame, that one, who on a foreign shore,
 Was doomed to hear, that we should meet no more,
 Who could not have the privilege to stand
 By thy sick couch, and press thy fainting hand,
 To hear the wisdom of thy parting breath,
 And see the simple triumph of thy death,
 To whom another's tongue was charged to tell
 Thy last kind words, thy fatherly farewell,
 Should seize this hour, the earliest fortune gave,
 To pay the tribute truth and feeling crave,
 And here at length, the grateful task assume,
 To hang one humble wreath upon thy tomb.*

* Hon. NATHANIEL BOWDITCH, L.L. D., the translator of *La Place*, died March 16, 1838.



